

**Warm-up: Revise and Edit**

Directions: Revise and edit the following selection using proofreader's marks. Be sure to give recommendations and correct errors.

Shawn steps into his newly-bought house and whispered to himself, "A new start to a new life. Lord, I hope I have escaped what I saw." He began to unpack food and drinks to his shiny refrigerator, and set up a mattress, until his real bed arrived. That night, he heard a small noise coming from outside. Shawn rose from "bed" to investigate. He thought to himself, "I hope it hasn't found me. This isn't going to be good for work tomorrow. A ghost maybe?"

*Thump, thump, thump, thump*, Shawn bounced down the stairs. "Dang it. Forgot my keys," he muttered. Shawn spun around to find himself looking at his mother, pale; her beautiful, white dress drenched in blood, on the floor. He screamed, it made his throat hurt. He hit the ground he was laying on, followed with long, painful sobs.

He awoke from sleep in the morning, and had figured out that he had cried himself to a deep sleep, shown by the dried tears on his cheeks. "I'm not going to work today... I can't." He whispered in a shaky voice, "I'll tell him I'm out sick. With a nasty cold." He stood up straight, too fast, he went dizzy and stumbled on his feet. *Grrrrrw*. His stomach hankered food, didn't matter what. Shawn trotted to the kitchen to make a icy bowl of cereal. He ate in sadness, but the only thing he could think about was his bloody mother. He thought too much about it, he poured the rest of the cereal in the garbage disposal.

Nightmare. Make that plural. Nightmares. Shawn watched what he couldn't stop. He couldn't wake up. Barely images, but visible.

*Walks in room slowly.*

"You can't do this!" He shouted to himself.

*He sees mother dead.*

"**STOP IT!**" He tried to wake himself up.

*Every thing went black. Silence.*

Shawn woke up with an intense breath in. "I have to do something about this. I can't handle thi-"

He was interrupted with a deep, flem-filled moan.

Shawn jumped off of the mattress. He snatched his keys from the nightstand. He stomped down the stairs, *KATHUMP, THUMP, THUMP*. He saw his dead mother again, but tried to ignore it.

"**NO!**" He shouted. He ran past the hallucination. He ran to his car, it had a small note on it that said, "Stay away. Don't make a mistake. Stay home. En-"

It was ended with a long line of ink from the blue pen, along with small spots of blood on it.

"I'm tired of you screwin' with me." He growled between his clenched teeth. He shoved the key in the ignition, starting the car. He stomped the gas pedal, *RRRRRRRRRT!* The wheels screeched against the new asphalt. He drove past a stop light, colliding with another car, killing Shawn. And that was the end of his life, concluding his story.